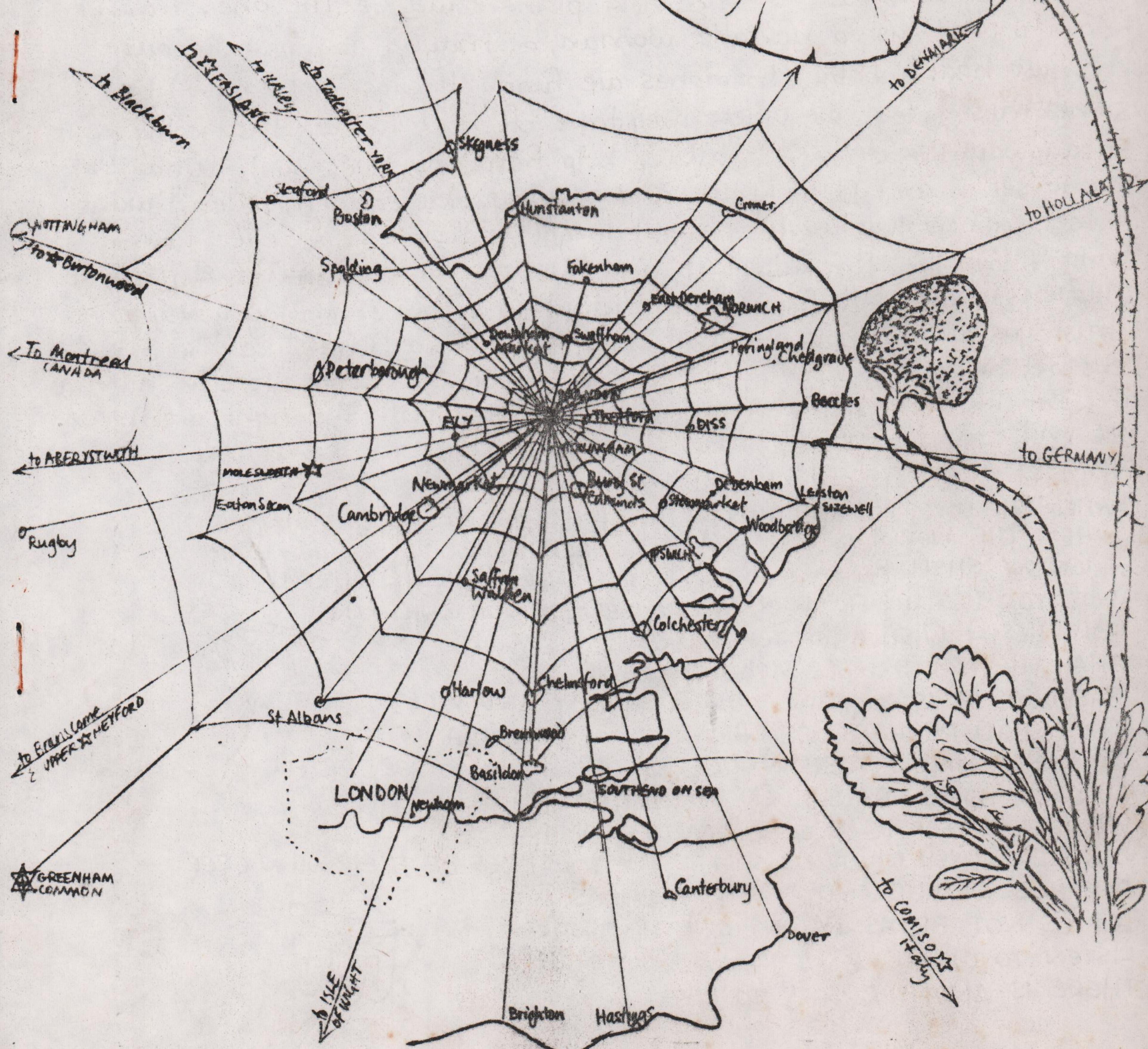
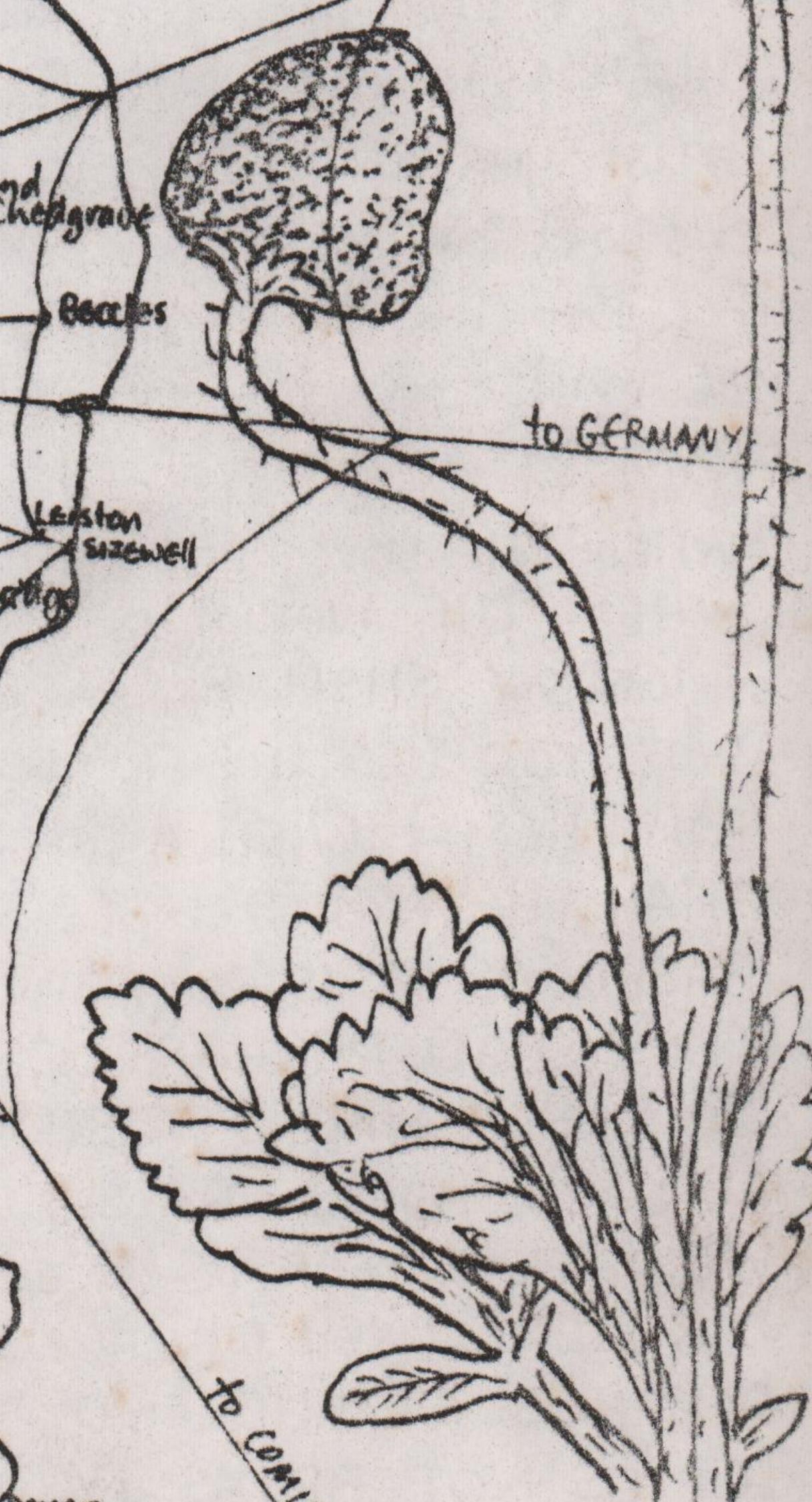
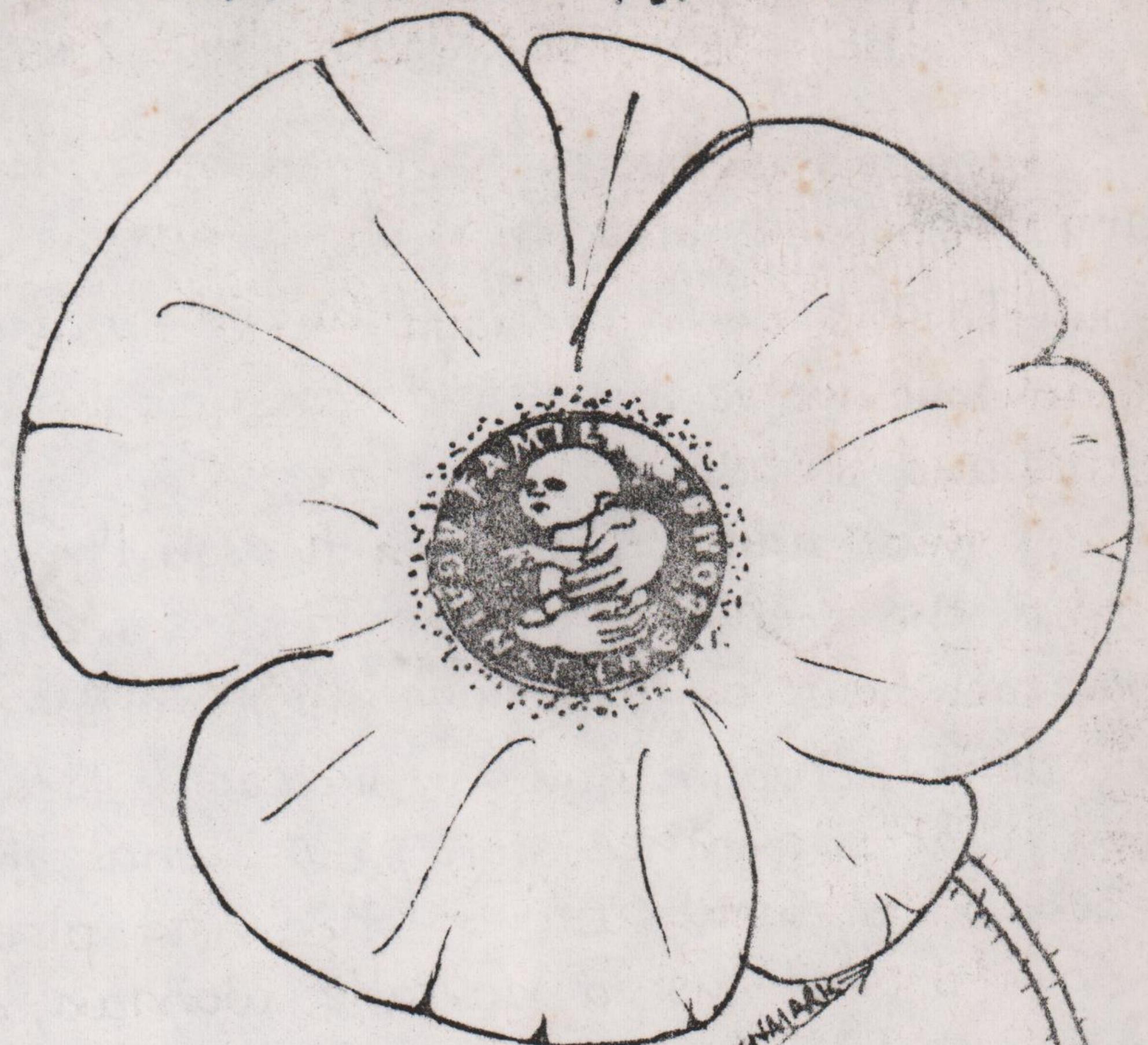


# FAMILIES AGAINST THE BOMB PEACE CAMP AT LAKENHEATH POPPY

# Number 2

"The wall falls  
into the moat -  
Use no armies now."

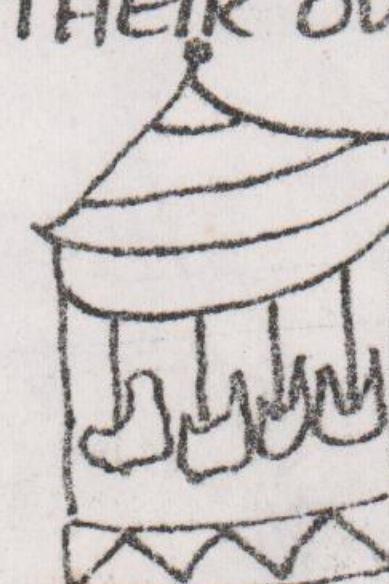
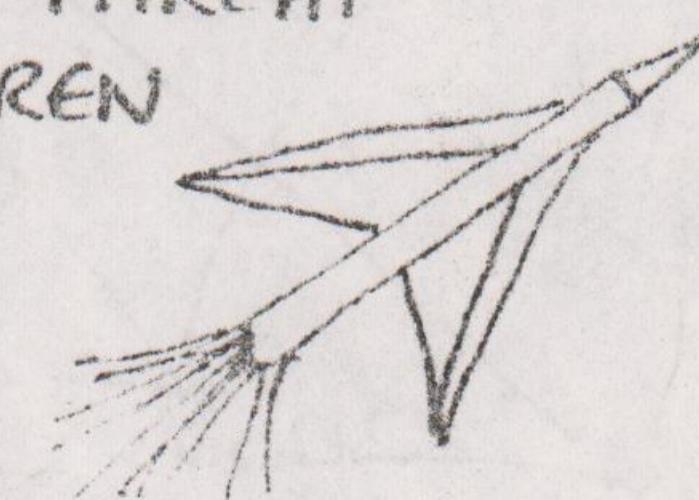


# THE RED HERRINGS ARE COMING !

Cruise has already happened here, well not Cruise, but a nose by any other name and all that; as we sit here we know there are up to four F1-11's down the road nuked up and ready to fly (never more than four we've been told reassuringly by the Base's newspaper 'The Stars and Stripes').

I must admit that even though I'm a pretty calm character on the whole, the thought of those F1-11's worry me slightly. Oh I know the boys get hours of fun flying their aeroplanes and they like the rest of us don't actually want a nuclear holocaust (except the reborn 'Christians' but that's another story) but what if. What if someone or something went wrong - the next plane could be THE one. I don't know if I'm just a neurotic woman, or maybe it's just because I've just had a baby (hormones are funny things you know) but sometimes I look up when they take off and think, that could be it. So anyway I've decided to ask for help from you (yes you). What I'd like to see is an end to F1-11's and nuclear warheads/missiles. I want to feel safe in the world, I want to get to know her better. I enjoy living, I love life, I'm full of it and I want my children and their children to enjoy it too. So all I want to know is will you help me? I trust you all, I know you will, but there's no time like the present. Let's get on with it. Together let's celebrate life, enjoy life and nurture life. For life is fragile and precious. Together with the right attitude we will stop the bomb, and stop them inventing something equally as horrible to replace it.

WHEN THE DOVES FLY AND THE EAGLES SHY AWAY AT THEIR POWER  
WHEN THE WORLD IS FREE FROM HUNGER DEPRIVATION AND WAR  
THEN WE SHALL BE FREE TO LIVE WITHOUT FEAR OR THREAT  
NOT FOR US THIS FREEDOM BUT MAYBE FOR OUR CHILDREN  
FOR THEM I WISH A BETTER WORLD  
THAN THE WORLD I SEE AROUND NOW  
BASED AS IT IS ON POWER GREED MONEY AND VICE  
THEY SHALL PERHAPS SEE THE FRUITS OF MY DREAMS  
OR THEY SHALL PERISH IN FIRES OF DEATH ON MOTHER EARTH  
ALL OUR HOPES SHALL BURN WITH THEM  
WILL THEY HEAR US ARE WE ONLY DREAMING?  
I BELIEVE THEY MUST OR SUFFER THE TORTURES OF THEIR OWN GREED  
DEATH IS AT THE END OF THEIR GAMES  
LET US NOT BE AS PAWNS ON THE BOARD  
LISTEN TO WHAT WE SAY  
THERE IS ANOTHER WAY TO LIVE.



FLY A KITE  
FOR PEACE!



WE WANT TO HAVE A MASS KITE FLYING DAY THIS SUMMER OR SOONER! THE IDEA IS FOR HUNDREDS OF WOMEN, CHILDREN AND MEN TO MAKE AND BRING KITES TO THE PEACE CAMP, AND THEN TO FLY THE KITES OVER U.S.A.F. LAKENHEATH. WITH THE SKY FULL OF COLOURED KITES THE BOMBERS WONT BE ABLE TO FLY! WE NEED FEEDBACK ON WHO IS INTO DOING IT WITH US SO THAT WE CAN ORGANISE A DATE. PLEASE WRITE IF YOU WANT TO TAKE PART IN AN EFFECTIVE ACTION WHICH WILL BE GREAT FUN TOO!  
LOVE & PEACE, JOHN



## THE ANARCHIST IS SAD

Everyday my belief in your system dies a little more. I see less and less hope for people who make up the vast majority of this country. For I see the radiation of their nuclear worship melting their childrens eyeballs as it will my own.

Still, you hide within your walls it's not even your definition of normality, it's forced upon you from birth - Their veins - Their lies - Their Profits - Their System.

Get a job / Get a car / Get a husband / Get a wife / Get a house / 2-5 kids / Don't upset the neighbours / Get a video / Don't upset the boss / Gotta do something about this bomb thing / Don't think about it / Catch the bus / Hit the kids / Watch the T.V. / Hear and Obey / Down the pub / Ignore the abattoir / Pay up to the profits / Scrimp and Save / Play the game: stay the same.

Plastic people drive plastic cars down plastic streets where plastic children play with plastic guns and plastic dolls (Action men is very strong Cindy's legs are very long)

I cry for you because you're trying to do 'the right thing' in pretending your lifestyle is not causing pain, death and suffering.

You don't see the starving as you make your choice of 37 varieties of baked beans in your supermarket. You don't see the living hell of rape as you drool over page 3. You don't see the look in the cows eyes when it becomes a life no more as you eat your meat. You don't see your children's eyeballs melting as you moan about the tax figure on your wage packet.

Sometimes your vision stretches no further than your own cosy little life. I hold little hope for your kind. You're scared of change.

SOMETIMES I CRY  
WHEN I THINK WE ALL SHALL DIE  
BECAUSE A MILLION PEOPLE  
NEVER ASK THEMSELVES 'WHY?'

---

Man is strong, man is rough, man beats woman to feel tough  
Woman is weak, woman is mild, woman is here to give child  
Man goes east, man goes far, Man drives  
a motor car

Woman cleans all she can, Woman  
pushes a baby's pram

Man goes out with his mates, Man  
never masturbates

Woman stays on her own, Woman's  
tied to the home

Man drinks beer by the pint, Man thinks  
he's always right

Woman's wrong all the time, She puts things  
on the washing line

Man sits in front of the telly, Man don't  
care about his fat belly

Woman's body must be thin, A man's heart  
she must win

A Man must do what a man  
must do

Man must screw when he wants to  
Woman must groan and say he's  
good 'cause

that's what woman should  
Man's happy when he's the boss, Man doesn't  
give a toss

LET'S GET THE  
FACTS STRAIGHT...

BEFORE 1967, SOME 20 WOMEN WERE  
BUTCHERED TO DEATH BY BACK STREET  
ABORTIONISTS...



# BATTLE FOR OUR

ULTIMATE LUXURY.

Speed-up for



GLORY FOR  
EVERYBODY.  
CHUM.

**LOOKING AHEAD?**

Fed up with dull, boring  
jobs? No job at all?

'VE SEEN MORE FIGHT IN  
A POWDERPUFF!

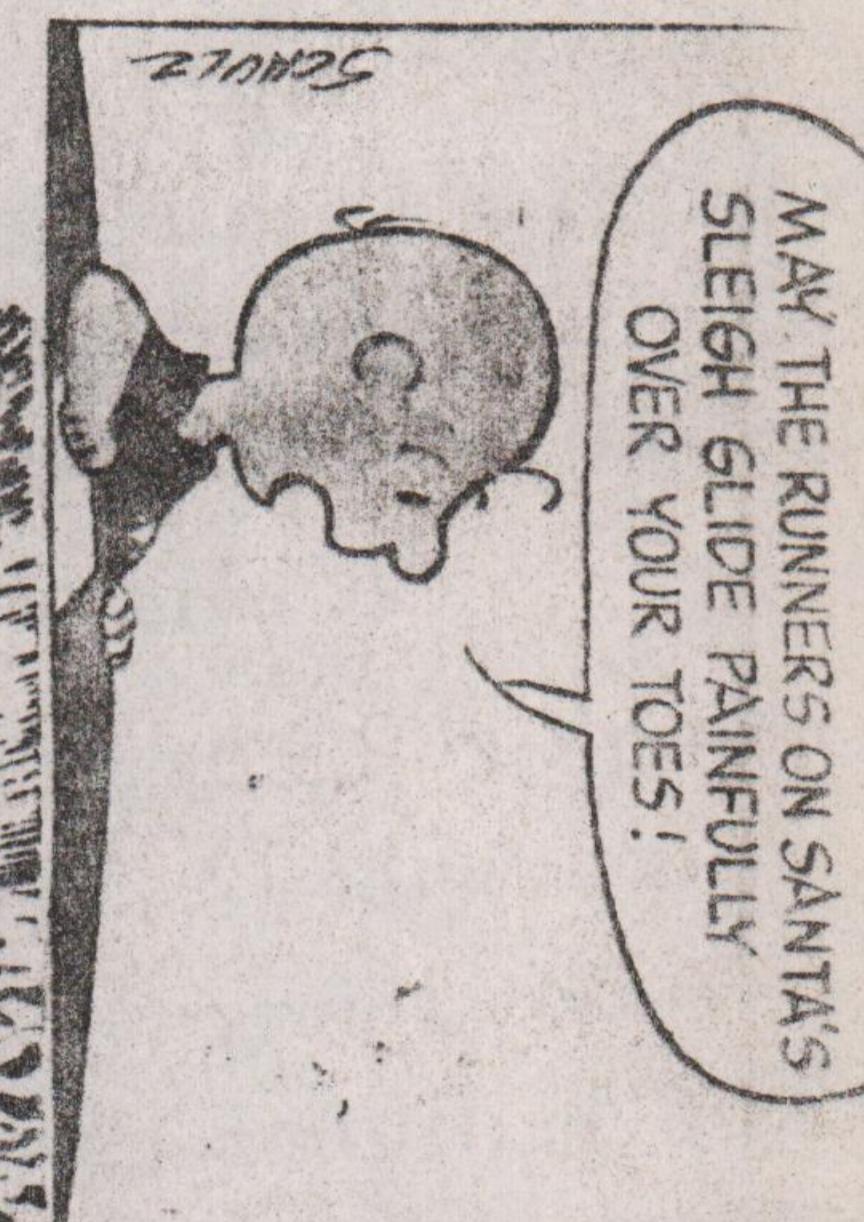
SLOGGER'S ANSWER  
WAS A TERRIFIC  
ROUND-HOUSE  
PUNCH TO THE  
JAW...

**BAM! BAM!**

HE DID THE MOST BLOOD-  
CURDLING THINGS.

"It is  
a free country and I  
could still  
take the matter to the  
courts."

MAY THE RUNNERS ON SANTA'S  
SLEIGH GLIDE PAINFULLY  
OVER YOUR TOES!



## NOT SO MUCH A PEACE CAMP : MORE A WAY OF LIFE

We used to live in the city. We went to meetings and sometimes on marches, then home alone to the flat near the busy road, one eye open in case we were being followed.

The city drains my energy / my lifeblood / the city tires my feet / my bones / my heart / the city isolates / us one from another / the dirt clogs my / lungs my pores / the pallor poisons / our brains and / poisons our hearts. In the city I was alone / I talked to no-one. Here I am real / life is real / reality is a sharp shock / which jolts me / into clarity of vision.

Our culture is suffering from a disease : a disease of hearts and minds. But underneath we still each have the capacity to love and be loved, to live together peacefully, to be free.

We are hurt, warped, passed through the sausagemeat machine, taught that violence solves problems, that if you kill someone their ideas can't threaten you, that to get what you want you must be powerful or devious and scheming.

We have decided to stop.

To breathe clean air, to stop eating rotting carcases, to stop participating in rotting social institutions. To find your own pulse, your own heartbeat, your own rhythm; your own likes and dislikes. To stop bullying others you have to stop being bullied and bullying yourself.

You have to let go. You have to reclaim your own personal power, to live your own life. You have to have a vision of how things could be and to start living that vision as reality NOW to realise it fully in the future.

When you live your own life

You will no longer need to control mine.

When you live your own life

You will no longer need to oppress me.

When you live your own life

You will no longer need to deny me freedom.

When you live your own life

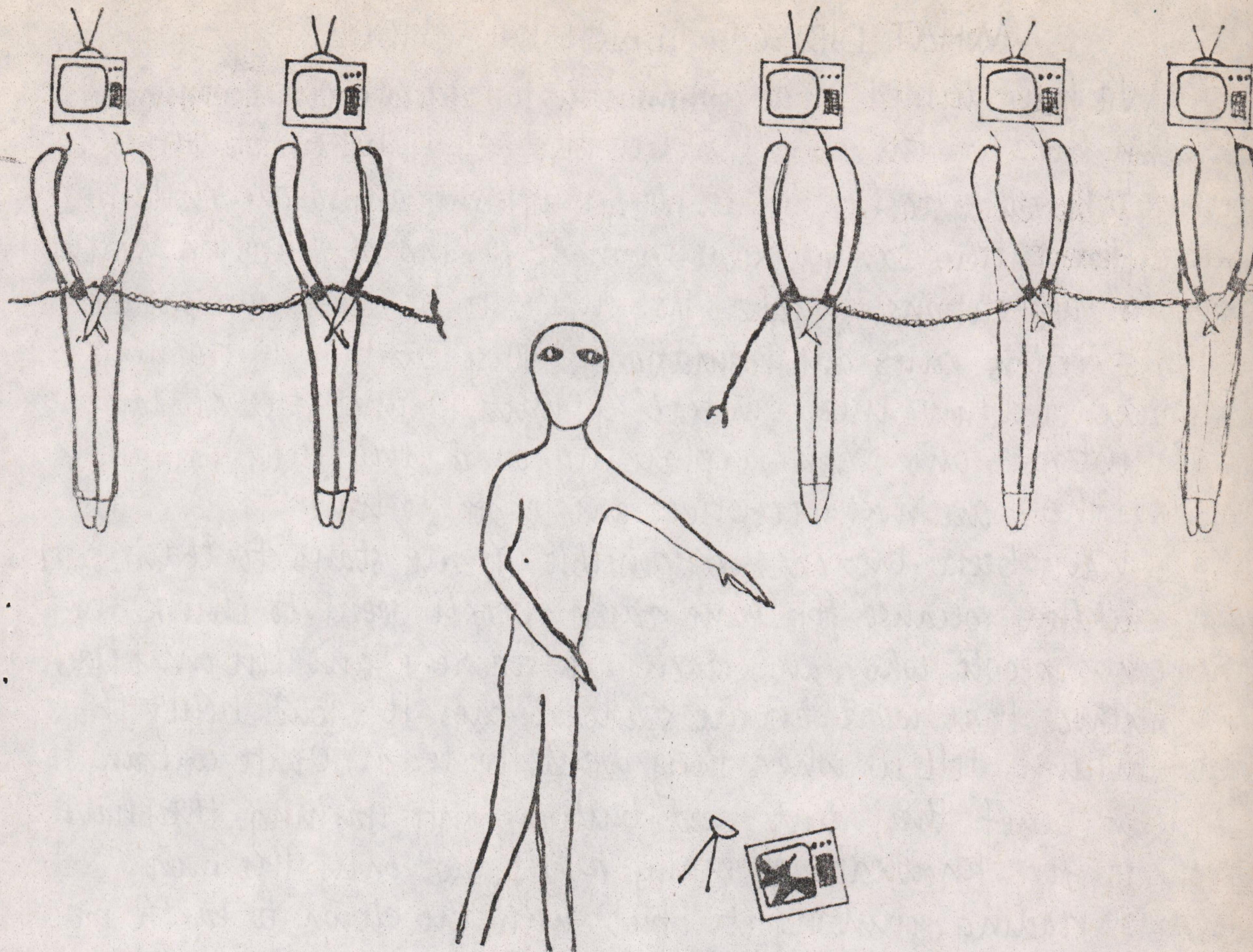
You will no longer need violence.

When you live your own life

You will no longer need to hate.

When you live your own life

Perhaps then we can live in peace . . . .



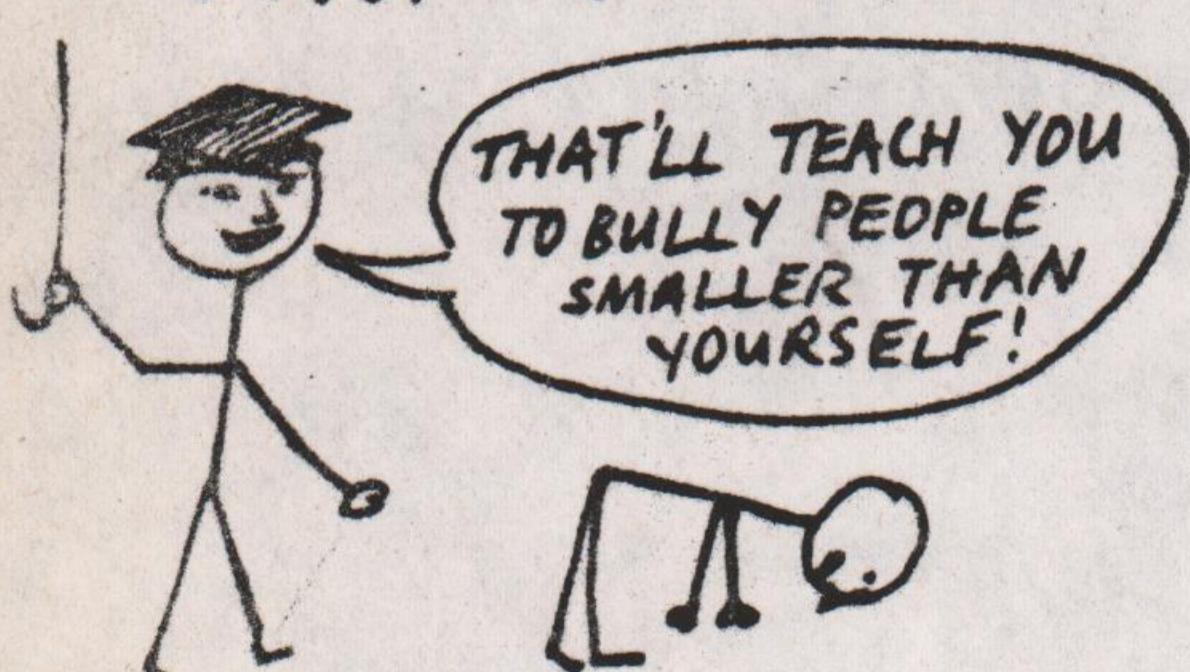
### The Man & The Wall.

Once, a man was running away from something he feared very much. Suddenly, he came to a great wall, which ran as far as he could see. Desparately, he tried to climb it but it was too smooth and hard. His fingernails broke and splintered. He tore at the earth, frantic, but the wall continued underground. He could feel the source of his fear drawing closer & closer. He was temfied. He closed his frayed and bloodied fingers into fists and battered with all his might on the unyielding surface. The wall stood firm and tall and smooth. Drained and broken and realising that the temible thing which had been pursuing him was now almost upon him, he finally turned to face it and found himself on the other side of the wall.

## WHAT DID YOU LEARN IN SCHOOL?

We have decided, as a community, to educate our community's children here at the camp. We feel that it is better for them as people to be educated here by us. We are different and so our children are different. How can we expose them to a kind of schooling which has for generations taught its pupils to be sexist and patriotic; to obey orders, rules and regulations; whose attitude in teaching is to make children listen instead of waiting until the children show interest and then explaining on a level they can grasp whilst they are most receptive and eager to learn?

We have been thought irresponsible in our stand to teach our own children, because for some reason people seem to think that the only people who can teach are teachers and the only teaching methods that work are the standard ones. It's our belief that the children tell us when they want to learn. Quite contrary to popular belief they don't need bullying into learning, they have a thirst for knowledge of many kinds; not only the more diverse reading, counting etc. but with the down to earth practical subjects like how to light fires, cook, sew, knit, crochet, work wood, mend cars/bikes etc etc., and by explaining on demand we catch the kids with the highest possible interest.



WHAT DID YOU LEARN IN SCHOOL TODAY DEAR LITTLE BOY OF MINE?

"I LEARNT OUR GOVERNMENT MUST BE STRONG  
THEY'RE ALWAYS RIGHT AND NEVER WRONG  
OUR LEADERS ARE THE FINEST MEN  
AND WE ELECT THEM AGAIN AND AGAIN  
THAT'S WHAT I LEARNT IN SCHOOL TODAY  
THAT'S WHAT I LEARNT IN SCHOOL."

BATTLE OF HASTINGS



It can be a drag sometimes, especially at night but who ever said learning had to happen between 9 and 3.30. If you would like to educate your brood write to the camp and we will put you in touch with an organisation called Education Otherwise who will help and support you to claim back your right to educate your children alternatively.



ONE GOD  
ONE CHURCH



## WELL SAID THE VISITOR

"Well," said the visitor, "that's ~~OK~~, but if we all did that you'd soon find....."

Time passes.....

"...What in my head" he defended, "don't make me laugh....."

Time.....

"Ahh.." he attacked "you're just a dreamer....."

.....Time.

"Positive," he spoke negatively. "I allways try to be....."

.....

"You're foolish," he consoled me "you're foolish if you trust everyone..."

... So saying the visitor sadly walked away. "Fools & dreamers, when will they wake up?" With his hat, his coat, he paused at his locked car to find its key ; turning he waved, "Dreamers."

With a shake of his head he turned the key & drove his car home to his house. Waiting for him his pipe his chair his wife his children his hell.....

# FEED-BACK

NEW FORMULA TO MURDER REDS

NEW FORMULA TO SOFTEN OUR HEADS  
They PLAY GAMES WHILE WE TIGRESS  
TO MAKE A PASSAGE IN THE PRESS

THERE'S SMELL ENOUGH FOR US TO CHOKE  
STILL ROOM ENOUGH FOR THEM TO HOPE  
FAR ENOUGH FOR OTHERS TO MISS  
IT'S A PASSAGE IN THE PRESS

MATERIAL WAILS ARE CONSTANT NOW  
JUNKIE WHIMPER IN CITY AND TOWN  
THE CHILD IS TAUGHT TO BE MORE OR LESS  
JUST A PASSAGE IN THE PRESS

THE MACHINE DIES, OVERFED  
THE PARTS FALL TO THE PAVEMENT DEAD.  
NOR LIFE NOR LOVE NOR HATE for this,  
NOR ANY PASSAGE IN THE PRESS

∅

## IT

IT IS LIFE &  
LIFE IS IT, WHEN

♂ (PEOPLE) FIND  
THE REAL IT, &

LIFE IN LIFE, THEN LIFE

IS ALL IMPORTANT, TO

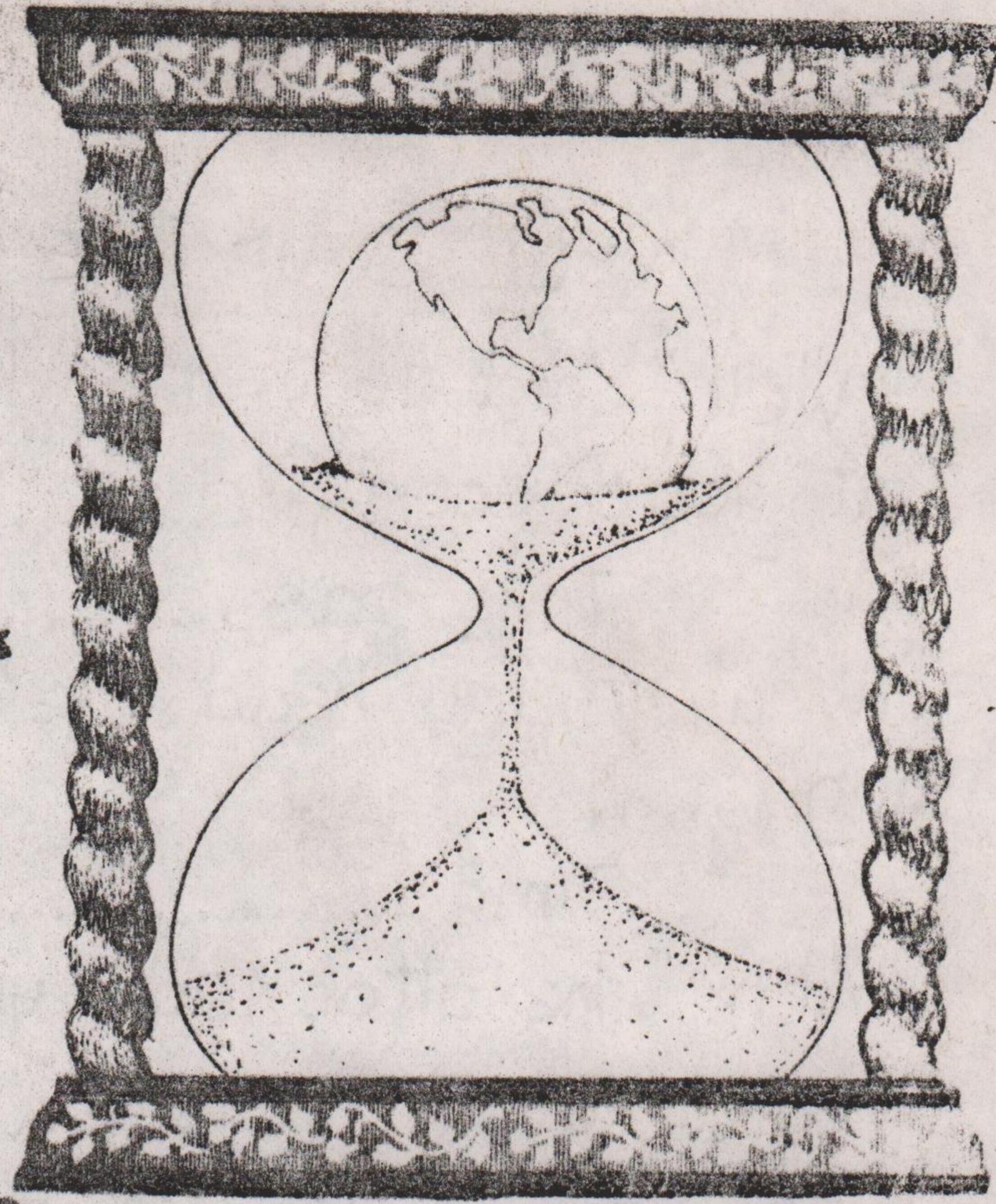
♀ WHO KNOW THE  
MEANING OF IT. IT IS

IMPORTANT. IT IS GIVING,

IT IS RECEIVING

IT IS LIFE GIVING

P.S. We need a damn good  
typewriter, stationery, money...



## this is your page

Please send comments and contributions to: FAB Peace  
Camp, Maids Cross Hill, Lakenheath, BRANDON, Suffolk.

PLEASE SEND S.A.E. FOR NEXT ISSUE. Cheers!

Living closely and with love  
brings you psychically and  
rhythmically together

Come soon we will work  
as one

Harmonious  
Spontaneous

Together like flowing  
music

Tina

